Blood, Love and Moonlight

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25755295.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death
Categories:	F/F, M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Hannibal Lecter/Will Graham, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom, Jack Crawford, Margot Verger, Mason Verger, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz, Will Graham's Dogs, Abigail Hobbs, Bedelia Du Maurier, Dr. Frederick Chilton, Chiyoh (Hannibal), Francis Dolarhyde, Winston (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Angst, Vampires, Werewolf Will Graham, Vampire Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham doesn't have encephalitis, Murder Husbands, Murder Wives, Hannigram - Freeform, Murder Family, NSFW, Blood, Gore, Vampire!Hannibal Lecter, werewolf!Will Graham, Vampires and werewolfs, LGBT, mlm, wlw, Fluff, Love, Lust, Alternate Universe, Dark Will Graham, Everyone Is Gay, Dark, Sexual Content, Possessive Behaviour, Violence, Romance, Family, Slow Build, Language, Werewolves, Marlana - Freeform, Badass Will Graham
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-11 Updated: 2020-10-12 Words: 4,614 Chapters: 7/?

Blood, Love and Moonlight

by orphan_account

Summary

Will Graham stepped out of his car and looked up at the large house that stood in front of him. It was black in colour, beautiful architecture. It looked like it was pulled straight out of the Victorian Era. Will walked through the opened iron gates and up the path. To his right there was an impressive garden. Will could smell a delightful combination of herbs, fruits, and vegetables. It was all overpowered by the smell of freshly cut grass and wet tarmac after the rain of earlier that day.

He took a deep breath and knocked with an iron, lion-shaped door handle. Only a few seconds passed until the door was opened. Will had been looking down at the floor and he knew if he wanted to be given the all-clear he'd have to make even a little eye contact, so he looked up.

A beautiful man. European, maybe? He was wearing a red suit. He had pale skin and greying hair. He smiled warmly down at Will standing on the doorstep.

"You must be Will Graham." The man said, as he outstretched a hand. "My name is Hannibal Lecter."

Notes

This is my first fanfic on AO3 so please don’t be too harsh :) Also I just got into the Hannibal fandom a month or so, so again I’m still getting used to writing about these lovely cannibalistic husbands~

La Lune

Wake up. Take a shower. Get dressed. Eat breakfast. Go to work.

Every morning was the same. Nothing ever changed, besides maybe the awful case Jack had placed upon him. He had grown rather fond of change though, it was welcoming in a world of chaos. It seemed like his own little world, nobody to rush him or slow him down.

He closed his eyes and let the hot water hit the back of his neck and trickle down his back. He took a deep breath and tilted his head up so that the water splashed down on his face. He wasn't in the shower, he was in his happy place. The forest. Silky silhouettes of trees painted across the bluey-black night sky, stars peppered with precision. The moon. It's brilliance was stunning, mesmerising. There was something so profound to Will about the moon, it spoke to him in a way that always seemed foreign to Will, nevertheless it was there.

. . .

"Will? You with us?" A hand was being waved in front of his face. Jack Crawford.

Will shook his head to clear his mind. He took off his glasses and placed them on the desk behind him. "With you."

"Good, cause you're needed down at the lab in ten minutes." Jack notified him before walking off.

Jack didn't really seem to be awfully bothered about Will's well-being, and just as well, because Will wasn't bothered about Jack. All he really cared about at his job was saving lives. Will had a gift, something that only he could do. He was able to connect so well with a killer that he was actually able to reenact, in his mind, what he believed the killer did. This gift, however, wasn't without its downsides. He was haunted by nightmares of the murders, murders which, in his head, he committed. Even though he knew fine well it wasn't him, he still couldn't shake the false memories from his head. And here he was, about to analyse yet another murder, no doubt more gruesome than the last.

. . .

A pale body lay upon the table, drained of all life. Upon further inspection, and words from Beverly, it became horrifyingly clear that life wasn't the only thing that had been drained of the corpse.

As Zeller punctured the skin of the neck with precision, where an artery lived, no blood flowed out. Will closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Price began to slice open the chest cavity as Will opened his eyes. He stepped forward silently and ran his eyes over the body with a blank face. The heart that lay exposed was almost completely dry, as were the lungs.

The four of them turned to Will, who dragged his eyes from the body to look vaguely in their directions.

"What do you think, Will?" Jack asked, fearing an answer.

"Well, Jack, correct if I'm wrong. But I believe the body has been drained of blood." Will replied sarcastically. "I don't know, Jack, this is beyond anything we've seen. And without any entry wound I don't see how-"

"Who said anything about no entry wound?" Price motioned for Will to come to the other side of the corpse. He pointed to the neck of the body.

There were two small puncture holes, tiny amounts of dried blood smeared around them.

"Even with those entry wounds there's no possible way almost every drop of blood could be drained." Zeller said. "I'll get run a test on the tissue, see if we can determine what made the holes."

As Zeller walked out and Beverly, Price and Jack talked amongst themselves, Will was left alone with the body. He felt its cold skin through his thin gloves and shut his eyes.

Darkness. Then a single light in the distance. The moon? No, this was warmer. It looked like a lamp. Will walked towards the light and, as he got closer, he could see a grand desk and the silhouette of a man. He was lean, neat, and wearing a suit.

He was close enough to the table now that he would be able to reach forward and feel the varnished wood. Walk round to the other side of the desk and get a better look at the mystery man. Look at the sheet of paper that lay on his desk.

But he couldn't do any of that because he had opened his eyes.

"Will, you hear that?" Jack asked.

"No, sorry, I was somewhere else."

"Got the results back, you'll never guess what made the punctures..."

They stared at him without saying anything.

"This is the part where you guess." Zeller said, earning blank looks in return. "Right, right. The punctures were made by, drumroll..., teeth."

L’Homme Mystérieux

There was a stunned silence. The four of them looked around at each other with looks of bewilderment.

"What are you saying? That we've got some vampire draining someone's blood?" Jack asked jokingly.

"Uh-"

"Not a vampire. Someone who admires them, maybe even believes they are one." Will said, eyes transfixed on the bite marks.

"So we've got a wannabe vampire on the loose now?" Jack asked. "How did they drain the blood then?"

"Well, that's what we don't know." Beverly replies.

"Maybe they believe they are sucking their victims blood but really they're doing something different. The question is what." Will Graham walked towards the door.

"Woah, woah, woah." Jack put a firm hand on his chest. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I've got a class in five minutes, Jack. I'll inform the students on what's going on, give them a little insight." Will explained. "I'll think it over, Jack."

Jack brought his hand down and sighed. "Right. Just work on it."

"Sure thing." Will walked out of the exit before turning back briefly. "One more thing, how did the results come through so quickly?"

"The results? They didn't, they took the usual four hours?"

"Four... four hours?" Will asked.

"Yeah. How long did it feel like?" Jack questioned.

"Like five minutes." Will was shaking. "I- I was standing right there for five minutes, Jack, I remember."

"No, you weren't. You ran outside to get some fresh air, you were gone for about three hours. Then you came back in here and sat on that chair and talked to us about what you thought of the killer for another hour, then we got the results back. Do you not remember any of that?"

Will's head was spinning. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, then opened them again. "No, I don't."

"That's it, we're getting you psychoanalysed. No excuses this time." Jack stepped into the hall with Will.

Will nodded silently and walked down the hall to his class.

. . .

"Hello?" Jack Crawford asked, putting a business card into his jacket pocket.

"Hello. Who may I be speaking to?"

"Agent Jack Crawford, FBI. I was wondering if you would be able to do a psychoanalysis on one of my Special Agents."

"I certainly would be. Tell me, what is their name?"

"Will Graham."

. . .

Will Graham stepped out of his car and looked up at the large house that stood in front of him. It was black in colour, beautiful architecture. It looked like it was pulled straight out of the Victorian Era. Will walked through the opened iron gates and up the path. To his right there was an impressive garden. Will could smell a delightful combination of herbs, fruits, and vegetables. It was all overpowered by the smell of freshly cut grass and wet tarmac after the rain of earlier that day.

Will had reached the door. He was faced with two choices. He could just leave now, but he knew Jack would make him come back again, to a random other psychiatrist whom he didn't know. Or he could hold his head up high, walk in and sit down for one gruelling session. He decided to opt for option two.

He took a deep breath and knocked with an iron, lion-shaped door handle. Only a few seconds passed until the door was opened. Will had been looking down at the floor and he knew if he wanted to be given the all-clear he'd have to make even a little eye contact, so he looked up.

A beautiful man. European, maybe? He was wearing a red suit. He had pale skin and greying hair. He smiled warmly down at Will standing on the doorstep.

"You must be Will Graham." The man said, as he outstretched a hand. "My name is Hannibal Lecter."

Dante et Virgil

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will looked at the hand in fear. He was always nervous around new people, but this felt different. But he couldn't work out anything wrong with him, he seemed like a perfectly nice man. He told himself it must just be the house giving him the creeps.

He reached forward to shake his hand. When their skin made contact Will felt that his hand was so, so cold. Like ice. But Will shook the thought out of his mind. Maybe it was just because his hands were so clammy? So he shook the man's, Hannibal's, hand quickly and dropped his hand back to his side.

Hannibal stepped to the side and welcomingly stretched his arm out into the hall inside. "Come in."

Will stepped in anxiously into a grand, dimly-lit hallway. As Will walked down the hall he could hear Hannibal's footsteps moving behind him. He shivered. His back felt exposed. But he tried to relax into the new environment. He looked to his left and saw paintings hung up every metre or so. They were all classical, possibly Eastern European. The vast majority of them depicted beautiful men and women, gracefully covered in flowing robes and cloth. He stopped at one which depicted two men. One was being bitten on the neck by the other. It was so striking it almost took his breath for a moment.

Hannibal stopped behind him and Will could feel his breath on the back of his neck. For some reason this didn't scare him, all of his fears had simply melted away.

"Dante and Virgil - William-Adolphe Bouguereau. 1850." Hannibal whispered. "A true masterpiece..."

Hannibal continued talking about the painting with such effortless enthusiasm, but Will couldn't concentrate. He was so busy running his eyes over the painting. The intricate curves of skin. The moving pose. The on-lookers, Dante and Virgil in the background. He particularly loved the way the man furthest away, Virgil, seemed to be protecting Dante from the fighting. The way their eyes lingered on the subjects, shocked but still looking on.

Hannibal placed a hand on Will's arm, strikingly similar to the way Virgil held Dante in the painting. Will snapped his neck around to look at Hannibal, their faces strangely, but not uncomfortably, close.

"If you are ready, may you follow me this way?" Hannibal asked, snapping Will out of his daze.

. . .

“You seem on edge, would you care for a drink?” Hannibal asked, picking up a black notebook from his desk and placing it on the small table opposite Will.

“That’s doesn’t seem terribly ethical of you.”

“Actually, it has been proven that a small glass of wine relaxes your mind and allows for a reflective experience.” Hannibal said. “Plus, I make my own red wine and I’d hate for it to go to waste.”

“Hm.” Will contemplated. “Okay, I’ll have a glass.”

A few brief moments later and Hannibal gave Will a glass before his own and sitting down in the chair opposite him.

Will took a sip of the wine. He raised his eyebrows in delight. “Wow, it’s excellent. So complex. Fruity. Almost... metallic.”

“Yes. The metallic taste you describe comes from the mineral-rich soil the grapes are grown in.”

Many moments passed in silence. Just the sound of wine-sipping and the occasional songbird outside to be heard.

Finally, when Will had drank half his glass, Hannibal asked, “So, where shall we begin?”

Chapter End Notes

If you have the time google “Dante and Virgil” and you’ll see how much it seems to resemble Hannibal and Will. Oh, also, could you maybe check out my deviantart page under the name of ‘scarlethannigram’? Thank youuu ✌

Sour Le Charme

An hour or so passed in the blink of an eye. They had been talking but Will didn't really feel like they had. It felt as if he'd simply been projecting his views out of his mind directly into the black ink of Hannibal's fountain pen.

The pale grey of afternoon had melted in purple, which finally turned to pitch black. The oil lamp warmly lit up the cold face of the psychiatrist.

"Well, Will, I think it's safe to say that almost everything is perfect." Hannibal concluded, closing his notebook.

"Almost everything?"

"When I was speaking on the phone with Jack Crawford, he mentioned something about you losing time."

"Oh. Yeah, I- I guess I forgot." That wasn't a lie, he had actually forgotten all about the episode earlier that day.

"Do you think you can explain what happened?"

"I... I remember seeing a murder victim on the table, I was evaluating it. Then I closed my eyes, you know, to do that thing I told you about earlier. Then I opened my eyes and Jack told me it was four hours later."

"Did your... trick, not work? Did you not get an insight into the killer?"

"No. No, I just remember emptiness. Totally black."

"Okay. I believe what you experienced was a blackout. Blackouts are an involuntary response to distress or pressure. Did you feel stressed at all before the episode?"

"The murder was unlike anything we'd every seen before."

"May I ask how?"

"It was drained of blood. I couldn't work out how. So, yeah, I was stressed." Will said, shaking a little trying to bring the memory back.

Hannibal smiled so subtly it wasn't noticeable it the dim light. "I'll tell you what, I can prescribe a pill that should help with the stress, but I would like to continue therapy sessions on a regular basis."

"So you think there's something wrong with me?"

"No, no." Hannibal chuckled lightly. "I believe you're suffering from anxiety. It's very common. I feel our sessions could do you a world of good in understanding what's going on

inside your mind."

When Will didn't say anything, Hannibal added: "So, would you like to continue our sessions together?"

Will took a deep breath. He didn't want to continue them. It felt like such an invasion of his privacy. Yet, he did feel something. He was intrigued by this man. There was about him that seemed to reel him in. He wanted to know more about him. He rarely ever was bothered about people, even less often was he interested in them. "Yes."

Hannibal cocked his head to the side and smiled a little. "Good."

After discussing the times for sessions, (7:30-8:15, Wednesday and Saturday), Hannibal got out of his chair and walked over to Will elegantly. Will looked into his eyes as if he was under a powerful spell. He felt glued to the chair, like he wanted to run but he couldn't.

"Well, Will. Thank you for coming today. I look forward to our future sessions." Hannibal offered his hand out for the second time today, this time to help Will up.

Will took his hand and stood up. His eyes looked straight forward, fixated on a ruby pendant dangling on a delicate silver chain around his psychiatrist's neck.

"...Thank you for having me." He managed to utter, still seemingly under an invisible trance.

When he instinctively gripped Hannibal's hand tighter, he felt the control suddenly wear off. He was left feeling disoriented but himself again. He let go of Hannibal's hand and took a short step back.

Hannibal had an unreadable look on his face. His lips were slightly, as one would if they were shocked, and his brow was creased.

"Yes, yes. It was my pleasure. I'll see you out." And with that Hannibal turned around and opened the door, stepping into the long hallway.

They reached the end of the hallway and before Will knew it he was back in his car, looking blankly at the steering wheel.

God forbid we become friendly. Will thought to himself as turned the key and started the engine.

La Fête D’Anniversaire

"I count that you'll be there too, Will?" Jack Crawford asked.

Will hated birthday celebrations. Any kind of social event for that matter. The last thing he wanted to do right now was go to Jack's birthday gathering. But he decided he should just suck it up and go. What was the harm? Plus, he wanted to get farther onto Jack's good side. Lately, he'd been feeling as if he'd been slowly becoming less and less attached to his work. It was beginning to become less tolerable.

"Sure." Will muttered, with a nod of his head and a gaze at the ground.

. . .

"And that's when I said-"

God, this had been going on for so long. Couldn't he just go back home now. He'd happily take his actual nightmares over this metaphorical one.

Everyone around him laughed and joked. Joked and laughed. The smell of candles, from the cake that Jack insisted he shouldn't have had made for him, was still lingering in the air. People varying in height, weight, race, gender surrounded him in the grotesquely bright hall. But to Will they were all simply people. Just blank faces in a crowd that was just as blank.

"Remember Will?" A female voice was saying.

"...Sorry?" Will asked, snapping out of yet another daze.

"I said: Remember that time a couple weeks back when Zeller slipped on that latex glove he dropped?" Beverly repeated, struggling to get her sentence out without bursting into a fit of giggles.

"Oh, yeah." Will recalled, letting out a short puff of air even though he didn't find it that funny at the moment.

Beverly stopped laughing and looked at Will with concern. "Are you feeling okay? You're looking a little pale."

"Yeah, I'm good. I think I'm just gonna... head outside, catch some fresh air-"

And with that Will started walking quickly to the door, looking through the faces in a sense of panic, leaving Beverly worried. He needed to get out of this place. He wanted to go home but he couldn't just leave. Or could he? He'd been here for over two hours now, surely it wouldn't be rude to-

A tall figure stood by the elegant buffet table, facing away and talking to a group of seemingly snooty individuals. He seemed to stand out from the others, but why? The figure

turned and looked across the room. Hannibal. His new psychiatrist whom he had to see the very next day. Hannibal stuck up his hand and waved across to-

Will started to blush and he smiled a little, slowly beginning to make his way across the room.

- Jack.

They shook hands and smiled at each other. Will couldn't make out was being said but it was quite clear that they were happy and that they knew each other relatively well.

Will turned around and decided he'd just make his way back to chat with Beverly some more, but then he heard his name being called. He spun around in surprise and saw Jack waving him around.

Oh god, I'm going to have to talk to Hannibal. Oh god. Will thought.

Reluctantly, Will began to pace to the other side of the hall. When he got there he subconsciously stood closer to Jack. He looked up and to the left and met Hannibal's eyes. His eyes were so mesmerising that, where he would usually break eye contact as soon as possible, he found himself almost glued to them.

Hannibal actually broke eye contact first as he sipped the glass of wine that Will just now realised was in his hand.

"So Will?" Jack asked. "How did your first meeting with Dr Lecter go?"

"Uh-"

"You know that mine and Will's conversations should not be discussed outside my office, Jack. Unless, of course, Will agrees to it." Hannibal looked back at Will.

Will snapped his eyes across to Jack. "I- I'd prefer if what we discussed remained between me and-" Will briefly paused to choose between using the formal 'Dr Lecter' or the informal, more friendly, 'Hannibal'. "-Hannibal Lecter."

"Then it shall not be discussed." Hannibal assured, putting a hand on Will's shoulder for a short moment before turning back to Jack again.

"I'm telling you Will, he's the best in the business. I'm glad you're in his hands."

"Thank you, Jack, but I wouldn't say I'm the best." Hannibal chuckled. "I'll go as far as to say that I'm good at what I do."

"Certainly." Jack laughed, sipping his own glass of wine. "And this wine! I don't know how you do it, I really don't."

"I've been making my own wine for as long as I can remember, I guess I just perfected the process over time." Hannibal smiled again, sipping from his own glass.

“Blood and sweat must truly go into it.”

“Yes, yes it does.” Another artful sip.

“Well, it’s exquisite.” Jack complimented. “Will, you should try a glass- Here, here.”

Will took the glass that Jack handed him from the table behind. “Actually, I’ve already tried some-“

Hannibal’s smile faltered for a split second.

“-but I’d be delighted to have another glass.”

That smile crept back up on his face. Will saw it as friendly for the time being, but he was sure to be surprised over the next month or so. There was just such a subtle undertone of malevolence in that smile that was invisible to the human eye. Or at least the sane one.

L’Ombre

The cold air ruffled his thin, white sheets so that they were dancing on top of his body. He was still sleeping and the coolness seemed to calm him down. He often had nightmares and woke up practically drowning in sweat.

All at once the coldness grew too much and Will flicked open his eyes. 03:46am. He swung himself up onto the side of his bed and groaned as he held his head. Surely he wasn't hungover from a glass or two of wine? Many he had something afterwards? Who knows, he was too tired to remember much other than the party, and the man.

He stood up and stepped to the window, the cool wooden floor almost chilling under his bare feet. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up on end.

The Moon was like a ray of tranquility in the silent chaos of the twilight. He became transfixed on it. He wanted to close the window and clamber back into bed, but he couldn't. The Moon, a waning gibbous, seemed as if it were Will's entire world. He felt connected to it, drawn to it.

A black figure scurried across the bottom of his window. He snapped his eyes away just too late. If he were to have done it any quicker he would have seen a tall creature, red, demonic eyes looking straight at him, slip effortlessly from one side of the window frame to the other. But he missed it.

He scrunched his eyes shut, opened them again and looked back to the Moon. He felt his eyes get heavy, his legs tremble. The fabric of his thin, white t-shirt shuddered as he closed the window tight shut. The bedroom was now completely silent, besides the tiny whimpers coming from Will's growing collection of stray dogs in the adjoining living room.

He slumped back into bed and lay flat on his back. The ceiling seemed too close, the walls too close, the room too small. He longed to be outside in the plentiful air of the forest.

A small figure broke his spiralling train of thoughts. Winston jumped up by his feet.

"Hey! Pss." Will never allowed his dogs onto his bed. There was dog hair in enough places. But he needed the comfort, something was different tonight. He waggled the fingers of his outstretched hand and Winston padded his way up by Will's chest. He slumped down after circling for a minute or so and rested a paw on Will's stomach. Will broke into a smile and a single tear trickled its steady way down his cheek. What was going on? His hormones were so out of whack. Will thought that maybe it was just because he hadn't “got it on” in a while. He chuckled under his breath and wiped the tear.

From outside a quiet tip-tapping, closely resembling the sound of Will's dogs' claws on the kitchen floor, could be just heard. The black silhouette danced around the walls and, before taking one last longing gaze through the glass, vanished into the night. The tapping stopped. The dogs must be asleep.

Pensez-Vous Que Je Suis Fou?

"Tell me a little more about these black-outs you've been experiencing."

They'd been happening since that time in the forensics lab. He would lay awake at night and dwell on it all. His mind often invented other irrelevant symptoms to escape what was actually wrong with him. He didn't know precisely that was, that's what he was hoping Dr Lecter would tell him, but it certainly wasn't what his brain wandered to. He picked up on random things that he'd never noticed before, such as the fact that his beard seemed to be getting out of hand a lot quicker than it used to. Or maybe the fact that he didn't need to turn the lights on when he went to get a glass of water in the middle of the night anymore as he could see perfectly well. But that was all in his head. Right?

"It's like I'm there," he gestured with his arms to convey his point across, "and then the next moment I'm not. Like time just..."

"Disappears."

"Exactly. I must know what I'm doing though, Jack said I was talking normally with him, but I left before that."

"Did he tell you where?"

"Outside. To get some fresh air."

Dr Lecter noted something down and looked at Will in contemplation. Will squirmed minutely in his seat. He could feel Hannibal's eyes tracing him, but he didn't dare look up.

"And you said you are beginning to notice some bodily changes? Excessive hair growth, effective vision in low lighting?" Hannibal asked, crossing his legs and leaning back.

“...Yeah.” He was ashamed to admit it.

“Any injuries recently? Animal attacks?”

“Yes, actually, a dog bit me a few weeks ago. How did you... know?”

Hannibal’s face changed slightly, he dodged the question. “Did you get it checked out for infection?”

“Yeah, I was given the all-clear.” Will felt so suddenly embarrassed. He wanted nothing more than to run straight down the hall and out the front door. "Do you think I'm crazy, Dr Lecter?"

"No, no I don't think you're crazy." A smile was audible in his voice. "I'm just glad that you're getting the therapy you deserve. Thank you for continuing our meetings, Will. Jack told me how you were avoiding them for so long. It's brave to do that, to allow yourself to get better."

"You don't have to coddle me."

"It's not coddling, simple respect."

He finally looked up and met Hannibal's eyes. Once he'd looked he couldn't pull his eyes away, even though Hannibal's were looking right back at him. He smiled briefly but shook it off. "Well, whatever it is, I don't need it."

Hannibal was first to break eye contact. He looked at the floor with a mixed expression.

"...But thank you."

Hannibal looked back up at him and appeared pleased. "The mind can be a terrifying place to wander alone in. I'm hoping I can safely accompany you through it, even in the darkest of times. Will you allow me that?"

"Yes."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!